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VOL. XVIII., No 37 Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. July, 26 1890. Single Copies 5 Cents

THE NEW

NATIONAL GARMENT CUTTER.

The establishment of a Cutting School in Lehighton has been instrumental in more fully arousing public sentiment upon one vital question than has ever before been aroused, namely:

"THE PRACTICAL EDUCATION FOR WOMEN."

Appealing to your most candid judgment, parents, have you educated your daughters in such a manner that they can earn a good, honest living by their own efforts, if such a thing should become necessary, for little do any of us know what is in store for us? It is a refined accomplishment for any lady to be able to look after her own clothing and see that it is made correctly and in becoming style, and there is no education that prepares any lady for the responsibilities and duties of life equal to knowing how to construct her own clothing properly.

It is only the second consideration concerning this life's goods. The first is preparing our food properly and next is our clothing, and this is of the highest importance to all, and might mean very much to some of our readers. It is an attested fact that the Cutting School is a harbinger of good wherever established, and the price of the thorough course of instructions given is merely nominal compared with its great value which is clearly demonstrated by the best judgment of some that have already been doing good work with it, and we cordially welcome any one to our Instruction Rooms to see and investigate for themselves.

Space only permits us to give the names of a few who take pleasure in speaking of its worth.

R. E. SILFIES,
H. DRIESBACH, & W. DRIESBACH,
Agents for Lower Carbon county.
1st Door above THOMAS' Drug Store,
LEHIGHTON, PA.

KLECKNERSVILLE, Pa., Sept. 25, '89.

Messrs. Pittock & Lavery — Gentlemen: Havingattended your Cutting School at Mauch Chunk, I must say that I was highly pleased with the full and complete instructions given. Your system is by far the best that has come to my notice, and I cheerfully commend it to others. Respectfully,
ELLEN J. HEBERLING.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 17, '89.

Messrs. Pittock & Lavery—Dear Sirs: You ask me what I think of the Garment Cutter, and I feel as if I could not speak high enough in its praise. I have cut several patterns with it, and among them was the tea gown. It was just splendid, fitting so nicely everywhere, and I take pleasure in recommending it to all my lady friends who desire elegantly fitting clothes. Yours respectfully,
C. ESTELLE BACHMAN.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 19, '89.

Sirs: I take pleasure in saying that I am highly pleased with the National Garment Cutter, and with instructions given I found it not only very easy to learn, but perfectly reliable. I have used it with excellent success.
Yours, KATIE OTTIS

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 15, 1889.

Gentlemen: I am very much pleased with the thorough instructions you gave in the use of the Garment Cutter and also with the cutter itself. I have tested it and find it all that you claim for it. Unlike other systems the cutting of drapery and trimmings is made so simple and the instructions for the making of the garments so plain that any one could learn.
Wishing you success,
SARA R. ELY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 9th, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Gentlemen: Having no previous experience in cutting and fitting before I learned to use the cutter, I felt a little timid in undertaking to cut a jacket with your system, but I overcame my feelings and 'tis a perfect fit in every way and I am perfectly satisfied with it. I can conscientiously recommend your system to all ladies desiring perfect fitting garments. Yours truly,
MAUD SMITH.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 9th, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Sirs: While taking a course of instructions in your Cutting School, I cut myself a basque, last week, with the bias darts and it fits perfectly without a single change of seams and am very much pleased with it. I can heartily recommend it to any one desiring a perfect system for cutting anything. Yours respectfully,
MAGGIE FARLEY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th,

Garment Cutter Co.—Gentlemen: After taking a few lessons with the Garment Cutter, I cut a basque that was a perfect fit without changing a seam. I think your system all that is claimed for it. Yours respectfully,
ANNIE WILKINSON.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 12, 1889.

Pittock & Lavery—Gentlemen: Having examined the National Garment Cutter, I am well pleased with it. I have used the Magic Scale, but find yours far superior to it or any other I have ever examined. I am especially pleased with its simplicity, and the fact that it cuts all kinds of clothing and full drapery and trimmings are advantages possessed by no other system, I know of. Together with the instructions for making up garments it is considered perfect. Yours truly,
KATE SWEENEY.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th, 1889.

Sirs: Having no previous knowledge of cutting in any way before I learned to use your system, I was very much pleased with the different patterns I cut. They were all a perfect fit without a single change of seams. Then your Voice of Fashion makes it complete authority for cutting all kinds of garments in the latest style. Wishing you the best of success, Respectfully,
JOSIE KEFES.

MAUCH CHUNK, Oct. 11th, 1889.

Sirs: I never cut any clothing before I learned your system, I was very much pleased to know that I could cut a basque myself and having it a perfect fit without any change as well as the larger girls.
Yours truly, JULIA STERMER.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 21st, 1889.

Gentlemen: I am very much pleased to tell you of the success I have had with your system. I have cut two basques and a shoulder cape, and I have had splendid fits each time. The cape exceeded my expectations, and any one desiring perfect fitting clothing should use the Garment Cutter.
Yours respectfully, ESSIE CORKILL.

MAUCH CHUNK, Pa., Oct. 15th, 1889.

Garment Cutter Co.—Gentlemen: I am taking a course of instructions in garment cutting. I find it very simple and easy to understand. I have drafted and cut a basque for my sister and it fits perfectly. After taking a few lessons I have no trouble in drafting any kind of garment. Respectfully,
LAURA REINHARD

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

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the choicest quality at very reasonable prices. Call and be convinced.
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Goods guaranteed and prices as low as elsewhere for the same quality of goods.
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Rubber shoes miles worn uncomfortably tight, will offer one of the best.
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Call for the "Colchester."
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IS a blood disease. Until the poison is expelled from the system, there can be no cure for this loathsome and dangerous malady. Therefore, the only effective treatment is a thorough course of Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the best of all blood purifiers. The sooner you begin the better; delay is dangerous.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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When you are addressed as above, your first impulse is to look at the driver. If the day be stormy and the driver is a wise man, you will find that he wears a "Fish Brand Slicker," and he will tell you that he is as comfortable on the box as his passenger in the cab, and that for his business this coat is invaluable. When you get once inside a "Fish Brand Slicker," there's no such thing as weather for you. It doesn't make the smallest difference whether it rains, hails, sleets, snows, or blows. You are absolutely and solidly comfortable. Get one at once. No danger of your not living it afterwards. It is waste of money to buy any other waterproof coat. They are worthless after a few weeks of hard usage. Beware of worthless imitations, every garment stamped with the "Fish Brand" Trade Mark. Don't accept any inferior coat when you can have the "Fish Brand Slicker" delivered without extra cost. Particulars and illustrated catalogue free.
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A SHORT SERMON.

Children, who read my lay,
This much I have to say:
Each day and every day
To what is right—
Right things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
You shall have light

This further would I say:
Be you tempted as you may,
Each day and every day,
To seek what is true—
True things in great and small;
Then, though the sky should fall,
Sun, moon and stars and all,
Heaven would show through.

Figs, as you see and know,
Do not out of thistles grow;
And though the blossoms blow
While on the tree,
Grapes never, never yet
On the limbs of thorns were set.
So, if you a good fruit get,
Good you must be.

Life's journey, through and through,
Speaking what is just and true,
Doing what is right to do
Unto one and all,
When you work and when you play,
Each day and every day;
Then peace shall gild your way,
Though the sky should fall.
—Montreal Star.

A GREAT DIVORCE CASE.

There was a man called Bronckhorst—a three cornered, middle aged man in the army—gray as a badger, and some people said with a touch of country blood in him. That, however, cannot be proved. Mrs. Bronckhorst was not exactly young, though fifteen years younger than her husband. She was a large, pale, quiet woman, with heavy eyelids over weak eyes, and hair that turned red or yellow as the lights fell on it.

Bronckhorst was not nice in any way. He had no respect for the pretty public and private lies that make life a little less nasty than it is. His manner toward his wife was coarse. There are many things, including actual assault with the clinched fist, that a wife will endure; but seldom a wife can bear, as Mrs. Bronckhorst bore, with a long course of brutal, hard chaff, making light of her weaknesses, her headaches, her small fits of gayety, her dresses, her queer little attempts to make herself attractive to her husband when she knows that she is not what she has been, and, worst of all, the love that she spends on her children. That particular sort of heavy handed jest was specially dear to Bronckhorst. I suppose that he had first slipped into it, meaning no harm, in the honeymoon, when folk find their ordinary stock of endearments run short, and so go to the other extreme to express their feelings. A similar impulse makes a man say, "Hutt, you old beast!" when a favorite horse nuzzles his coat front.

Unluckily, when the reaction of marriage sets in, the form of speech remains, and, the tenderness having died out, hurts the wife more than she cares to say. But Mrs. Bronckhorst was devoted to her "Teddy," as she called him. Perhaps that was why he objected to her. Perhaps—this is only a theory to account for his infamous behavior later on—he gave away to the queer, savage feeling that sometimes takes by the throat a husband twenty years married when he sees across the table the same face of his wedded wife, and knows that, as he has sat facing it, so must he continue to sit until the day of its death or his own. Most men and all women know the spasm. It only lasts for three breaths as a rule, must be a "throw back" to times when men and women were rather worse than they are now, and is too unpleasant to be discussed.

Dinner at the Bronckhorsts' was an infliction few men cared to undergo. Bronckhorst took a pleasure in saying things that made his wife wince. When their little boy came in at dessert Bronckhorst used to give him half a glass of wine, and naturally enough the poor little mite got first riotous, next miserable and was removed screaming. Bronckhorst asked if that was the way Teddy usually behaved, and whether Mrs. Bronckhorst could not spare some of her time to teach the "little beggar decency." Mrs. Bronckhorst, who loved the boy more than her own life, tried not to cry—her spirit seemed to have been broken by her marriage. Lastly, Bronckhorst used to say: "There! that'll do, that'll do. For God's sake try to behave like a rational woman. Go in to the drawing room." Mrs. Bronckhorst would go, trying to carry it all off with a smile, and the guest of the evening would feel angry and uncomfortable.

After three years of this cheerful life—for Mrs. Bronckhorst had no women friends to talk to—the station was startled by the news that Bronckhorst had instituted proceedings on the criminal court against a man named Biel, who certainly had been rather attentive to Mrs. Bronckhorst whenever she had appeared in public. The utter want of reserve with which Bronckhorst treated his own dishonor helped us to know that the evidence against Biel would be entirely circumstantial and native. There were no letters, but Bronckhorst said openly that he would rack heaven and earth until he saw Biel superintending the manufacture of carpets in the Central jail. Mrs. Bronckhorst kept entirely to her house, and let charitable folks say what they pleased. Opinions were divided. Some two-thirds of the station jumped at once to the conclusion that Biel was guilty, but a dozen men who knew and liked him held by him. Biel was furious and surprised. He denied the whole thing, and vowed that he would thrash Bronckhorst within an inch of his life.

No jury, we knew, could convict a man on the criminal count on native evidence in a land where you can buy a murder charge, including the corpse, all complete for fifty-four rupees; but Biel did not care to scrape through by the benefit of a doubt. He wanted the whole thing cleared; but as he said one night: "He can prove anything with servants' evidence and I've only my bare word." This was about a month before the case came on, and beyond agreeing with Biel we could do little. All that we could be sure of was that the native evidence would be bad enough to blast Biel's character for the rest of his service, for when a native begins perjury he perjures himself thoroughly. He does not boggle over details.

Some genius at the end of the table whereat the affair was being talked over, said: "Look here! I don't believe lawyers are any good." Get a man to wire to Strickland, and beg him to come down and pull us through."

Strickland was about a hundred and eighty miles up the line. He had not long been married to Miss Youngud, but he scented in the telegram a chance of return to the old detective work that his soul lusted after, and next night he came in and heard our story. He finished his pipe and said oracularly: "We must get at the evidence. Oorya bearer, Mussalman khit and methranisyah, I suppose, are the pillars of the charge. I am on in this piece, but I'm afraid I'm getting rusty in my talk."

He rose and went into Biel's bedroom, where his trunk had been put, and shut the door. An hour later we heard him say: "I hadn't the heart to part with my old makeups when I married. Will this do?" There was a lothely faquir salaaming in the doorway.

"Now lend me fifty rupees," said Strickland, "and give me your words of honor that you won't tell my wife."

He got all that he asked for, and left the house while the table drank his health. What he did only he himself knows. A faquir hung about Bronckhorst's compound for twelve days. Then a mehter appeared, and when Biel heard of him he said that Strickland was an angel full fledged. Whether the mehter made love to Janki, Mrs. Bronckhorst's ayah, is a question which concerns Strickland exclusively.

He came back at the end of three weeks, and said quietly: "You spoke the truth, Biel. The whole business is put up from beginning to end. Jove! it almost astonishes me! That Bronckhorst beast isn't fit to live."

There was uproar and shouting, and Biel said: "How are you going to prove it? You can't say that you've been trespassing on Bronckhorst's compound in disguise?"

"No," said Strickland. "Tell your lawyer fool, whoever he is, to get up something strong about 'inherent improbabilities' and 'discrepancies of evidence.' He won't have to speak, but it will make him happy. I'm going to run this business."

Biel held his tongue, and the other men waited to see what would happen. They trusted Strickland as men trust quiet men. When the case came off the court was crowded. Strickland hung about in the veranda of the court till he met the Mohammedan khitmatgar. Then he murmured a faquir's blessing in his ear, and asked him how his second wife did. The man spun around, and as he looked into the eyes of "Estreeken Sahib" his jaw dropped. You must remember that before Strickland was married he was, as I have told you already, a power among the natives. Strickland whispered a rather coarse vernacular proverb to the effect that he was abreast of all that was going on, and went into the court armed with a gut trainer's whip.

The Mohammedan was the first witness, and Strickland beamed upon him from the back of the court. The man moistened his lips with his tongue, and in his abject fear of "Estreeken Sahib," the faquir, went back on every detail of his evidence—said he was a poor man and God was his witness that he had forgotten everything that Bronckhorst Sahib had told him to say. Between his terror of Strickland, the judge and Bronckhorst he collapsed, weeping.

Then began the panic among the witnesses. Janki, the ayah, leering chastely behind her veil, turned gray, and the bearer left the court. He said that his mamma was dying, and that it was not wholesome for any man to lie unthriftily in the presence of "Estreeken Sahib."

Biel said politely to Bronckhorst: "Your witnesses don't seem to work. Haven't you any forged letters to produce?" But Bronckhorst was swaying to and fro in his chair, and there was a dead pause after Biel had been called to order.

Bronckhorst's counsel saw the look on his client's face, and without more adieu pitched his papers on the little green baize table, and mumbled something about having been misinformed. The whole court applauded wildly, like soldiers at a theatre, and the judge began to say what he thought.

Biel came out of the place and Strickland dropped a gut trainer's whip on the veranda. Ten minutes later Bell was cutting Bronckhorst into ribbons behind the old court cells, quietly and without scandal. What was left of Bronckhorst was sent home in a carriage, and his wife wept over it and nursed it into a man again.

Later on, after Biel had managed to hush up the counter charge against Bronckhorst of fabricating false evidence, Mrs. Bronckhurst, with her faint, watery smile, said that there had been a mistake, but it wasn't her Teddy's fault altogether. She would wait till her Teddy came back to her. Perhaps he had grown tired of her or she had tried his patience, and perhaps we wouldn't cut her any more, and perhaps the mothers would let their children play with "little Teddy" again. He was so lonely. Then the station invited Mrs. Bronckhorst everywhere until Bronckhorst was fit to appear in public, when he went home and took his wife with him. According to the latest advices her Teddy did "come back to her" and they are moderately happy, though of course he can never forgive her the thrashing that she was the indirect means of getting for him.

What Biel wants to know is: "Why didn't I prox home the charge against the Bronckhorst brute and have him run in?"

What Mrs. Strickland wants to know is: "How did my husband bring such a lovely, lovely Waler from your station; I know all his money affairs, and I'm certain he didn't buy it."

What I want to know is: "How do women like Mrs. Bronckhorst come to marry men like Bronckhorst?"

And my conundrum is the most unanswerable of the three.—Rudyard Kipling.

Napoleons of Finance.

A most appalling sound was heard in the nursery, and the astonished father, with his hair on end, ran to see what was the matter. He opened the door and looked in. Willie was sitting astride his drum, kicking it with both feet. Johnny was twisting the cat's tail and bringing forth howls of dire agony. Tommy was whirling a rattle, Bobby Stapleford, a neighbor's boy, was superintending a fight between two vociferous dogs, Harry Plugmore, another visitor, was jumping up and down on an empty barrel, half a dozen other casual youngsters were pounding tin pans, and all were yelling at the tops of their voices.

"What is the meaning of this unearthly racket?" demanded the father as soon as he could make himself heard above the din.

"We're playing Chicago board of trade," replied Willie. "Fellers, let 'er go once more!"

And pandemonium broke loose again.—Chicago Tribune.

Difference in Verse.

"How polished are my lays!" murmured the poet.

"Yes," cackled the hen, "but you can't get twenty cents a dozen for 'em."—Harper's Bazar.

KISSING MANY BABIES.

A CLEVER WOMAN'S WAY OF SELLING SEWING MACHINES.

Curious Phases of Life Seen by a Girl Who Went About Teaching Women to Sew on Machines—Customers Kept in Good Humor by Tact and Patience.

Women play a big part in selling sewing machines. Besides giving instructions, most sewing machine companies engage them to draw up contracts when machines are sold on the installment plan. No matter how bright the agent's prospects may seem, a machine is not considered sold until the lease is in, and in order to accomplish that much depends on the skill, efficiency and personality of the teacher. One teacher writes of her experience among New York down town people in this way:

"I shall never forget my first experience. If any woman is anxious to get a practical knowledge of human nature my advice is to take a situation as teacher on the sewing machine in an installment district. Because I resented one customer's impertinent and irrelevant questions she called me a crank and an old maid all in one afternoon. A colleague informed me that the customer had it 'in for me,' and that she wouldn't keep the machine if the company made her a present of it. 'All right; we'll see,' I said. When I went to the woman's house the next day she was crosser than two sticks, and she concluded her vituperation by ordering me and the machine out of the house.

AN INQUISITIVE CUSTOMER.

"And this was the reason. When I called on her the first time, after asking me my age, my residence, the amount of salary I received, she wanted to know why I didn't get married. I told her in words more emphatic than polite that a twelve-dollar-a-week girl would never, never marry a nine-dollar-a-week man. The woman's husband was a porter in a store, and earned $9 a week. No wonder she never forgave me. This one experience taught me a lesson, however, and ever afterward when I had a customer like her on hand I supplied myself with the patience of Job, the wisdom of Solomon, the eloquence of Webster and the suavity of a Chinese diplomat.

"The 'tough' customer also comes in for a share of my criticism. She is a woman who permits an agent to send her a machine on trial, and down deep in her heart never intends to keep it. This customer always manages to get her spring or fall sewing done up in this way, and to manage her I had to use my very best verbal and thinking abilities. Women who indulge in the petty artifices are as easy to sound as an empty barrel. They are always commonplace and very talkative. When I came across a woman of this class I made it a point to study her and her surroundings and then I would act. If she doted on her children I usually began the campaign by kissing the baby. While a teacher for the company I kissed babies of every nationality, to say nothing of creeds. By constant application I would get the tough customer to sign the lease in a week or ten days, and when that document really was in my possession no one was more surprised than myself.

DEFINITION OF SEVERAL TERMS.

"'Afraid of being cheated' is the thought uppermost in the 'queer' customer's mind. She invariably proves to be a good little woman who has been imposed upon by human sharks of every description. Once get her confidence and the case is O. K.

"The 'thick' customer is the one who tried my patience and made me feel cross after leaving her house. Dense stupidity is the definition of 'thick' in the sewing machine vocabulary. I was with the company six months before I could accustom myself to the use of that word. The 'thick' woman could never learn the attachments. Her awkwardness is simply inborn, and all the manual training in Christendom would never make an operator out of her.

"The 'particular' customer is another who tried me a great deal. She is one of those women who go through this life making other people miserable.

"The 'easy' customer has a mania for buying everything on the installment plan. She would buy the earth that way if it were for sale and, if one would give her plenty of time to pay for it. She would 'close this week,' only she has to meet the payments on some silverware. When the next week came her excuse was that she had to make a payment on a bronze clock. Her husband was the one person who didn't know anything about the debts she contracted. I once leased a machine to a woman who told me after I gave her the second lesson that she was coming up to the office to pay the full cash for it. Her husband, she said, gave her the money. Like most men he objected to the installment plan. The next time I called to instruct her she astonished me by saying she had changed her mind about paying cash for the machine.

"'I wanted a lace dress, so I bought it with the money he gave me for the machine. He won't find it out.' The lie referred to was her husband, of course, and he was employed as a bartender in an uptown saloon. She arranged with the collector to pay the installments from the money she could save from the house.

"The installment plan has its dark side, but it has been a real benefaction to the poor. The discount allowed for cash is so small that it is not much of an inducement to customers."—New York Press.

Boys in Corea.

Every man who goes to Corea should be, or should get, married. Every unmarried man is considered a boy, though he should live to be 100. No matter what his age, he follows in position the youngest of the married men, despite the fact, perhaps, of having lived years enough to be their father. The only parallel to this in America is in our politics, wherein every man active in the profession is a "b'hoy," even if he be as gray as Gen. Spinola.—Chatter.

Bee Disease.

A "nameless bee disease" has appeared during the last few years, and the beekeepers have had to lament not only depleted hives, but large numbers of diseased bees. The bees look black because of loss of hair, much as do robber bees or old bees in spring, and frequently make strange motions in front of the hives, as though dancing or in convulsions. The disease is supposed to be due to fungoid attack. The remedy is found in superseding the queen with a healthy one, and also in having a plentiful supply of salt water close to the hives, where the bees can gain ready access to it.—Ohio Farmer.

REAL ESTATE FAKIRS.

How a Young Western Man Began on Nothing to Make Money.

"While fakirs are numerous in all classes of business," said a prominent real estate dealer, "I think that there are more of them in our business than in almost any other. The real estate fakir is usually an ambitious young man whose imagination has been fired by the daring exploits of such men as Napoleon Ives. He thinks that in nothing else can he so quickly attain riches, at the same time avoiding the fall that blighted Ives' career.

"These fakirs, 'dressed in their best suits of clothes,' call at a broker's office, talk of their property, of large deals on hand and of options held by them, as though they possessed the wealth of a Gould. The unsuspicious broker receives them with open arms, but soon discovers that is all talk. These adventurers go from one office to another, and it is always the same story—dreams, empty dreams. Once in a while a bright young fellow succeeds on nothing but nerve, as did a young acquaintance of mine. The fellow I speak of lived by working on a salary of $50 a month, and decided to open a real estate office. With a capital of $100 he rented an office, had handsome cards engraved, and fearlessly embarked upon the real estate market. He succeeded beyond his wildest expectations, and is today worth $50,000, and all in one year."

"What was his method of operation?" queried the reporter.

"It was simply this," responded the broker. "The young man discovered a vacant lot in a desirable location for which the owner paid $10,000 about two years previous. He called on the owner and agreed to pay him $15,000 for the lot. His offer was promptly accepted.

"'Hold on,' said the young man, 'I haven't a cent, but this is what I propose to do: convey the lot to me and put the consideration at $20,000. I will execute a trust deed to you for $15,000, which I want you to withhold from record for a few weeks.'

"This was agreed to, and the young financier had plans and specifications drawn, advertised for bids and received bids running from $45,000 to $70,000. He concluded to let the contract to the lowest bidder. Now came the vital question of obtaining the money. The young man was equal to the emergency. He called on a well known capitalist, showed him his deed for the lot, assured him he had paid $20,000 cash for it, and stated that he had contracted for the erection of a $70,000 building. This, added to the value of the lot, would make $90,000. After an examination of the situation the capitalist agreed to loan him $60,000, secured by mortgage on the lot and the building to be erected.

"My young friend paid the $15,000 due on the lot, and a handsome building now stands there. He also refused $25,000 a few days ago for a half interest in his equity in the property. The building yields a good income, and in a few years will pay for itself. I can say that while this young fellow deceived in the first instance, he has lived up to his promises and is now doing a good business.'

Another broker relates an amusing encounter with a crank.

"We meet with plenty of cranks in our business," said this broker. "They all have some wild scheme with millions in it. One came into my office today with a great scheme. He assured me in seriousness that he would make my fortune. As I was not busy I listened to him. His plan was to buy the space above buildings of moderate height. 'Of course,' said this crank, 'we won't tell the property owners what we propose to do with this space, and they will think they have struck a snap and that we are fools when we offer them a few hundred dollars for the air above their buildings. When we have obtained this space we can build on as high as we please. Don't you see?'

"I failed to see, and he left, muttering how many fools there are left."—Chicago Post.

Shamoy Leather.

Shamoy or wash leather, properly chamois leather, is so called because originally and when of the best quality it was made from the chamois or wild goat inhabiting the Alps and Pyrenees. It is now made chiefly from the skin of deer, goats and sheep. It is essentially distinguished from other kinds of leather in being dressed with oil without salt alum or tan, and in the grain being taken off. The skins are brought to a state of pelt by liming and washing. The buff color is imparted by dipping into gambogo, not to tan, but to dye them.—New York Telegram.

Lead Dust in Quantity.

Cases of lead poisoning among the Jacquard weaves in a Swiss factory were traced to the dust from leaden weights which are used by the weavers to carry the thread of their warp. After the varnish has been rubbed off from the weights the lead begins to wear away and falls in fine particles among the dust on the floor. In some cases the dust was as much as 56.86 per cent. lead, and even when the utmost care had been taken 6 or 10 per cent. of lead was found in it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Child's Simile.

Calloboy (who is growing a beard)—Little girl, why do you look at me so steadily? Never see me before?

Flossie—I was only wondering if you were one of the gentlemen paps says can play chin music.

Calloboy—Not I. But why do you think so?

Flossie—'Cause your chin looks so like the cylinder of our music box.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Love of Life.

A recent writer says that persons who earnestly desire to live can keep a mortal disease at bay much longer than those who are comparatively indifferent to their fate. A resolute determination not to succumb is, as every army surgeon knows, the salvation of many a wounded soldier, who without it would assuredly die.—Hall's Journal of Health.

An Elephant Hunt in Seattle.

Two elephants of a circus were being driven on board a steamer at Seattle, Wash., for a trip to Ferndale, when they refused to step on the gangplank and both made a break up street. The largest, named Queen, was pursued by a crowd of men and boys into a lumber yard, where she made a stand and trumpeted several times. The crowd pressed her with clubs, and in a moment she charged them. In the scramble a big pile of lumber was upset and four men were buried. After an hour's chase Queen was captured.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

When words fail to express, try some reliable freight line.

100 Ladies Wanted.

And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky mountains. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large size package, 50 cents. At all druggists'

A tea set—The Chinese.
The world's fair—Women.
Cut rates—The barber's fee.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

The race question—"Which horse is ahead?"

Truly the ways of women are past finding out, but they are dear delightful creatures for all their lack of continuity.

Facts Worth Knowing.

In all diseases of the nasal mucous membrane the remedy used must be non-irritating. The medical profession has been slow to learn this. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished with douches, snuff, powders or syringes because they are all irritating, do not thoroughly reach the affected surfaces and should be abandoned as worse than failures. A multitude of persons who had for years borne all the worry and pain that catarrh can inflict testify to radical cures wrought by Ely's Cream Balm.

If grown men only knew as much as their mothers think, they know when they are babies, the world would have no further use for encyclopædias.

A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for an affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, Inflammation of Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Croup, etc., etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottles free at REBER'S Drug store.

It's concentration of thought that tells in our daily endeavor. Just watch the face of the small boy when he is taking aim at a tramp cat.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a Million Bottles were sold the past year. It relieves croup and whooping cough at once. Mothers do not be without it. For lame back, side, or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold at Biery's or Thomas' drug store.

"How can I tell the sort of parasol you require?" the tradesman was heard remarking to Miss Marnford, "when you do not give the shade." "Silly man! I expect the parasol to do that," was the reply.

"What side of the street do you live on, Mrs. Kipple?" asked a counsel, cross-examining a witness. "On either side. If you go one way it's on the right side; and if you go the other way, it's on the left."

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints, if you think so call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold at Biery's or Th